

How He Knew.

After supper, when the old man and I had lighted our pipes, I remarked that he was the fifth man of the name of Davis whose hospitality I had enjoyed in that locality during the week, and after describing them I asked if they were his relations, but he shook his head, chuckled grimly and said:

No Place Like Home.

"Yes," said Broncho Bill to his cousin whom he was visiting, "you New Yorkers have a tame existence. Why, out in Devil's Gulch, Arizona, we find on an average a corpse a day, murder, robbery and—"

Suddenly the speaker's face assumed a deathlike pallor, his eyes bulged out, his hair became rigid.

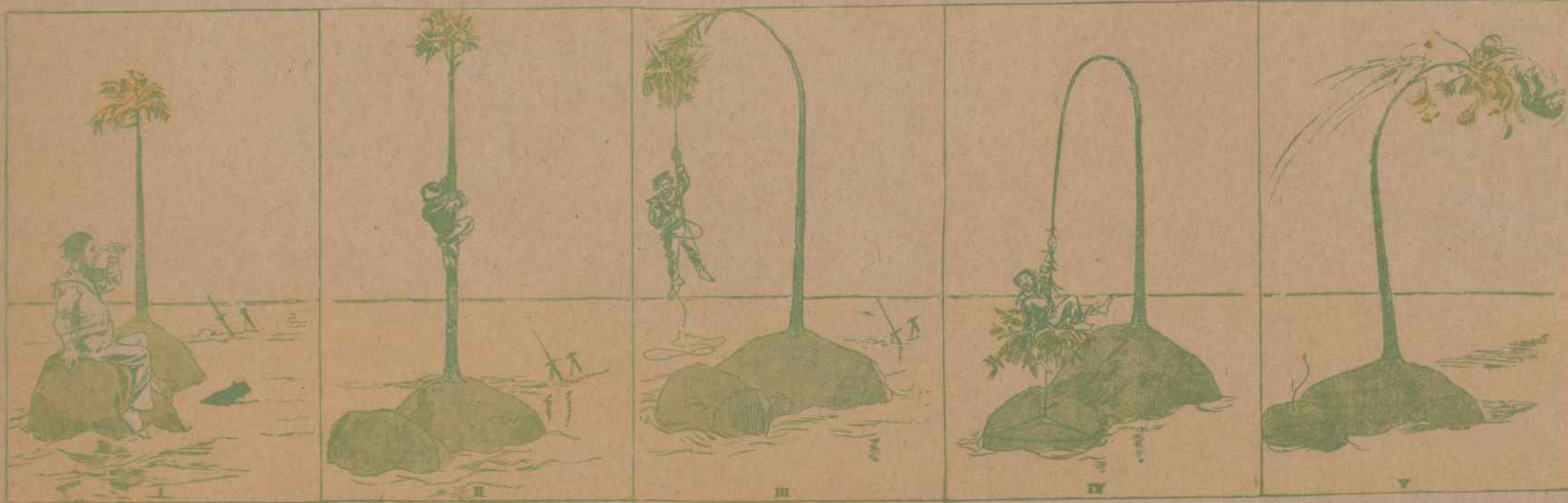
Street Primer.

Do you see the boy?
Yes, I see the boy.
What is the boy doing?
The boy is running away.
Why does the boy run away?
The boy has just stolen an apple from a passing wagon.

Their Loving Hour.

All of a sudden a fifth-story window is flung up and the head and shoulders of a young man in his shirt sleeves are thrust out.
A pedestrian below observes him and stops.
In three minutes there is a crowd of a hundred people.
"Is the boiler going to explode?"

HOW BILLY BARNACLE, BEING CAST AWAY, CAST HIMSELF ASHORE.



"Right in this county, stranger, there's at least ten families named Davis, but not a darned one of 'em is any relation to me 'tall."

"Do you know them all personally?" I asked.
"Yes, but we hasn't no speakin' terms now, and I'll tell you why. 'Bout five y'ars ago, when I was mighty well fixed, all the Davises in the world, it seemed to me, began to settle around here, and not a day passed that sum of 'em didn't call and claim relationship."

"And all of them impostors, eh?"
"Fur shore," he exclaimed, warming up to his subject. "At first I was mighty glad to see 'em, and reckoned they ought to be related to me, but when I'd bring up our family history they knew nothing about it. They jest beat around the bush until my last drop o' licker was gone and then took a scoot. Why, it got so arter a while that I had to stand outside with a club all day drivin' Davises away."

"How did you finally get rid of them?"
"By jest tellin' 'em out, I reckon. When the Davises as hadn't bin yere cum along I'd shut 'em up with family history, and when the Davises as yere cum back for more licker I'd use the club. What convinced me more than anything else that they wasn't my relations was this: I had about a dozen suckin' pigs and seven or eight fine calves on the place, and every time a Davis went he took one o' those pigs with him."

"And that proved it, eh?" I asked as he paused there.
"In course," he snapped. "Do you s'pose one o' my relations would stoop as low as that? Wall, I reckon not, stranger. One o' my relations would have taken a calf every time!"

The Minstrel's Mistake.

He was a merry troubadour,
And his heart was filled with love
For a maiden fair beyond compare,
Who dwelt six blocks above.

The night was dark, the winds were cold,
But the minstrel's heart was gay
As he paused before that silent door,
And trilled his happy lay.

The music of his tuneful lute
Rose on the frigid air;
He praised, with sighs, his darling's eyes,
And the color of her hair.

He sang in mellow monotone
Of her form with grace bedight,
And prayed that she with ecstasy
Would dream of him that night.

Then suddenly the moon o'er all
A swift effulgence sent;
And very plain on the window pane
He saw the words: "For Rent."

It Does, Indeed.

ASKINS (meditatively)—After all, is life really worth the living?
GRIMSHAW—That depends on the liver.

Picked him.

CITIZEN—Can't give you anything. I work hard for my money.
WEARY WILLIE—I begs yer pardon. I never imposes on de weak-minded.

A Suggestion.

CHOLLY (in a p. m.)—Teth, there are thev'ral worth that it it's impossible for me to pronounce HOLLY—Can't you say "good night?"

Should Have Spoken Sooner.

"See the noc book, Anty Peace has given you, Johnny. Now, what do you say to her?"
"Huh! I say I wish it was a gun."

None to Waste.

HE—May I kiss you?
SHE—I have no time to talk about it.

and great beads of perspiration rolled from his forehead.

"Great Scott! Are you hit?" asked his cousin in alarm.
Broncho Bill trembled, gasped and hoarsely whispered:

"I'll take the next train back to Devil's Gulch." Then he pointed and swooned.
George looked as indicated, and suddenly it occurred to him that they were at Union Square and had unwittingly approached "Dead Man's Curve."

Disappearance of a Death.

RUMFUS—Zigzag is a great fellow for trying to keep up an appearance.
McSMITH—Yes indeed! He got out beyond his depth while bathing this morning, and I never saw a man try so hard to keep up an appearance in all my life.

Obliged To.

HAVERLY—I wonder why it is women always throw sidelong glances at men.
AUSTEN—Well, you know how it is. Women cannot throw straight anyway.

Moral—Never throw anything but a red hot coal at a bad boy.

They Certainly Have Some Temptation.
MRS. BENHAM—All men are larks.
BENHAM—All married men have to be.

UNDER THE GREEN HOLLY; OR, WHY THEY WERE NOT MARRIED XMAS.



"If your father says 'yes,' won't it be a—"

snarl!"

Scarcely Credible.

TAGLEIGH—Do you believe that spectacles enable the Boston girl to see plainer?
WAGLEIGH—No. They only make her look plainer.

Only Too Glad to Oblige.

REGGAR—Happy New Year, sir!
SURLY LOOKING MAN—Oh, stuff!
REGGAR—Right you are, sir! I will, if you'll give me a dollar.

Envy.

"There is one thing about Louise which I envy."
"What is that?"
"Why, Fred's arm, of course."

After Color.

PAPA—How did it happen Mr. Strubben's face was so near Maria's to-night?
MAMMA—He must have been in search of local color.

Cup and All.

HEWITT—Told my wife she made very poor tea.
JEWETT—You should not throw it in her face.
HEWITT—I didn't. She threw it in my face.

It Was Safer.

He had voyaged over the billows
From a far and foreign land;
For his home was 'mid the willows
On Jersey's shining sand.

And he watched the frantic hurry
Of the busy, bustling mart;
But his thoughts were far from merry—
No joy was in his heart.

A fierce and frenzied molar
With its anguish filled his frame;
And the hapless Jersey stroller
Softly cursed the city's name.

A sign-board met his vision;
He swiftly rushed inside;
At last—oh, joy Elysian!
"Hear, jerk it quick!" he cried.

"Take gas," the dentist quered
As he loaded his machine.
Faintly came in accents wheeled
The reply: "Naw, kerosene."

Generally Gets It.

INGHAM—Every time I get on a street car it reminds me of my schoolboy days.
BINGHAM—How is that?
INGHAM—Why, I generally get the strap.

Not In Keeping.

REFINED BEGGAR—Beg pardon, but could you furnish me with the price of a good bed? The fact is I am a little hard up.
JOCULUS—So you want to change hard up for soft down?

Don't You See the Point.

PAUL PRY—Can you tell me how old Miss Passe is?
THE OTHER ONE—She was quite well when I saw her last.

In South America.

FIRST CITIZEN—Let us fling our standard to the breeze and let us adopt for our emblem a bicycle wheel.
SECOND CITIZEN—Why a bicycle wheel?
FIRST CITIZEN—It makes so many revolutions.

A BROTH OF A BOY.

